

All like the purchase—few the price will pay;
And this makes friends such miracles below.

What if, since daring on so nice a theme,
I shew thee friendship delicate as dear,
Of tender violations apt to die?

Reserve will wound it, and distrust destroy:
Deliberate on all things with thy friend:

But since friends grow not thick on every bough,
Nor every friend unrotten at the core,

First on thy friend deliberate with thyself;

Pause, ponder, sift; not eager in the choice,

Nor jealous of the chosen, fixing fix:

Judge before friendship, then confide till death:

Well for thy friend; but nobler far for thee;

How gallant danger for earth's highest prize!

A friend is worth all hazard we can run:

"Poor is the friendless master of a world;

"A world in purchase for a friend is gain."

So sung he, angels hear that angel sing!

Angels from friendship gather half their joy;

So sung PHILANDER, as his friend went round

In the rich ichor, in the generous blood

Of Bacchus, purple god of joyous wit,

A brow solute, and ever-laughing eye:

He drank long health, and virtue to his friend;

His friend, who warm'd him more, who more inspired.

Friendship's the wine of life; but friendship new,

Not such was his, is neither strong nor pure.

O! for the bright complexion, cordial warmth,

And elevating spirit of a friend,

For twenty summers ripening by my side;

All feculence of falsehood long thrown down—

All social virtues rising in his soul—

As crystal clear, and smiling as they rise!

Here nectar flows; it sparkles in our sight;

Rich to the taste, and genuine from the heart:

High-flavour'd bliss for gods! on earth how rare!

On earth how lost!—PHILANDER is no more.

Think'st thou the theme intoxicates my song?

And I too warm?—too warm I cannot be.

I loved him much; but now I love him more.

Like birds whose beauties languish, half conceal'd,

Till, mounted on the wing, their glossy plumes

Expanded shine with azure, green, and gold;

How blessings brighten as they take their flight!

His flight PHILANDER took—his upward flight,

If ever soul ascended: had he dropt,

That eagle genius! O had he let fall

One feather as he flew! I then had wrote

What friends might flatter; prudent foes forbear;

Rivals scarce damn; and Zoilus reprieve:

Yet what I can, I must: it were profane

To quench a glory lighted at the skies,

And cast in shadows his illustrious close.

Strange! the theme most affecting, most sublime,

Momentous most to man, should sleep unsung!

And yet it sleeps by genius unawaked

Painim or christian, to the blush of wit.

Man's highest triumph! man's profoundest fall!

The death-bed of the just—is yet undrawn